

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou wouldest read a lesson that will keep thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

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Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia November 10, 1904.

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Will visit Pocahontas county at
east twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

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WAYSIDE NOTES.

Of a Trip to Maxwellton.

An Interesting Section of Greenbrier County.

It was night when Keister was called out, Oct. 14, 1904, where I was to get off for Clifton. Capt. Gill interested himself to see that I was properly attended to and by the light of two comets held by him and Lieut. Boone, I reached firm footing on the platform, thence by the light of the moon and the stars I readily found Edgar McLaughlin waiting with his nice rig a few steps away, his fast stepping horse chafing to be off.

No sooner in than away we rolled swiftly as the winds.

In less time seemingly than it takes to write it, we were at the Mineral spring near the summit of the River Ridge where Edgar had filled a half dozen jars with the pure sparkling alum water the Creator's own remedy for suffering people, which have tried with much beneficial advantage. The speed at which the distance was covered, was suggestive of the merry-go-round and the still merrier-go-ahead. When a curve was made it was merry going round, and on the straight reaches it was still merrier forging ahead almost making one gasp for breath.

Upon emerging from the forest and coming into the open one of the most beautiful bits of Greenbrier scenery was unfolded. The constellation of the Great Bear all of which I had not seen for months previously appeared in its nightly round about the north star, with its pointers unusually bright and distinct, singling out the one mysterious star, out of the hundreds in the starry dome.

The star of evening eastern sky seemed to be scintillating, its beams in rivalry with the moon beams, while the moon herself rarely appears attraction. It must have been on a like evening when the pensive Addison the beautiful thoughts we adored so much in his lines.

Soon as the evening shades prevail, The moon takes up the wondrous tale And nightly to the listening earth Repeats the story of her birth, Whilst all the stars that round her burn.

And all the planets in their turn, Confirm the tidings as they roll, And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all Move round this dark terrestrial ball, What though no real voice or sound Amid their radiant orbs be found, In reason's ear they all rejoice, And utter forth a glorious voice, Forever singing as they shine, The hand that made us is divine.

About 8 o'clock, the Clifton home was reached, where all was pleasant and unusually well, after months of anxiety. Amid surroundings so delightful the words of the psalmist read at evening worship never appeared to have a pertinency more to the purpose.

"Every day will I bless thee, and I will praise thy name forever and ever." The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works.

All thy works shall praise thee O Lord; and thy saints shall bless thee.

Then openest thine hand and satisfiest the desire of every living thing. The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him in truth." Ps. 145.

Sabbath morning Oct. 16, '04, while frosty and bracing, was one of ideal loveliness. Greenbrier autumnal scenery rarely appears at better advantage. Mrs Mary McLaughlin, my only living sister, took me in her carriage to the church on the hill, that for beauty of situation, is one of the most fitting places for a place of divine worship. Here we found a very interesting Sunday School

wit' teachers and pupils busy as bees, improving the bright and lovely hour in the study of words more to be desired than much fine gold, sw' er also than honey and the honey comb, and in keeping of which there is great reward. The exercises were closed by all joining in singing with impressive power, Miss Emily at the organ.

"One sweetly solemn thought Comes to me o'er and o'er, Nearer my home today am I, Than e'er I've been before,

Nearer my Father's house,

My home to me, the great white throne,

Nearer the crystal sea."

Then led by superintendent J. D. Arbutt, all repeated the "Our Father" in concert.

For the uplifting and spiritual well-being of the interesting Greenbrier people, one might well wish and pray that there might be scores of such congregations, but it would be difficult to find one with a history more instructive than the short and simple annals of the young Maxwellton church, or one whose influence for usefulness presents fairer promise and holds out more encouragement for strenuous faithful Christian endeavor.

Mrs. McLaughlin had me go with her to dine at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Arbutt just in view of the church. Here a few delightful sabbath afternoon hours were spent and where it was privilege to meet and form the acquaintance of Mrs. Elizabeth D. Arbutt, a daughter of David Creigh, the West Virginia martyr. His is a name that will go down the ages, as a synonym of personal piety and purity of home. In this charming residence Mrs. Julia Arbutt passed her long and useful life, and she left children and friends, among whom are many eminent ministers, J. G. Brown, Bart, Lucy, Rosebro, Felford, with whom her name has lived for long confined years embalmed with their sincere praises.

A lady that was known and esteemed by Dr. McElroy, David R. Preston, Wm. S. Plumer, S. R. Houston, James M. Brown and scores of other ministerial worthies, by common consent deserves to be remembered, as an "elect lady" and as such she will be revered as an ideal Greenbrier matron and home keeper.

No matter how "blue" you felt while the door was closed between you, things get rose-colored very quickly after she steps across the doorsill, and somehow, the smell of spring blossoms, the glint of bird wings and the flutter of summer leaflets fill the air which before her advent, was dreary with the winter clouds and the moaning of the wind through the bare branches of the soul's winter.—Helen Watts McVey in Men and Woman.

'Sweeping by Vacuum Process'

A simple process has been discovered by which particles of dust in office store or residence, floor wall, furniture, or ceiling are taken up and carried to the basement. The process is a combination of an air drawing machine and separate operated by steam, electricity or hand power, placed in basement from which tubes run to rooms in building. A vacuum is created in the tubes a flexible hose connects the tube in the wall with a movable mouth or renovating sweeper which is ran over the floor or other surface. Dust particles on floor or in carpets, are sucked into the tube and carried to basement; disease germs always found in carpets dust are carried with it instead of being set in motion to again settle and menace health. The most delicate fabric can be cleaned of dust as well as floor, wall, ceiling or furniture. The idea reduced to practice is proving practical and will be a great boon to owners and renters and a great labor saving to the housekeepers.

When the time came to set out for Marlinton, E. D. Harford fixed up a nice rig to be drawn by one of the choicest two hundred dollar high steppers, for which Maxwellton is coming to be noted. One of the curious things Ed. told about that horse was it had never been shod, though it had been much used for two or three years on the road as well as on the farm, Ed. has one of the levelest heads that I have met for many a day. His idea is that the proper thing for a young man that has his living to make is to try to get a permanent position and stick to it, year in and year out, making a little and saving a heap, since many mickels make a muckle. For the first time in three years he took a day off when the deer law expired to see if he could not kill the one that was known to have passed the summer near by. After a hard and faithful hunt the best he could report in the way of success was that he had come so near getting it that he saw one of its tracks.

As we bowled along over the nice road to Keister we had some talk about the new method of farming described as vaccinating the soil or inoculating the ground." It is claimed that the Department of Agriculture will send to every applicant free of charge material enough to inoculate or vaccinate several acres, with full directions as to how to use it. The package can be carried in the pocket and yet it is claimed it will do more work than several cart loads of fertilizer.

An hour of tedious waiting was passed before the arrival of the heard Marlinton called out and in instant fifteen or twenty passengers were in line. Just as the train held up the door was opened and the polite young flagman met and informed us that this was Buckeye. Near me was a negro, whose presence would attract notice. He was dressed in clerical garb and from the crown of his stove pipe hat to his patent leather shoes, there were symptoms of self-appreciation and exalted esteem of his own personality. After all had settled down the conductor came in, his ordinary grim features now radiant with a smile. The first to speak to him was the negro in question: "Mis-

Dunmore.

Auctioneer Sweecker has returned from Alleghany Mountain where he sold out. J. S. Varner.

The people of Toy of Alleghany are to be complimented on the splendid churches. It is one of the best churches in the country: 35x55 feet and 20 feet in the clear. The pulpit is in the front of the building between the doors, which is a splendid idea. People can see who comes in or goes out without turning around and gawking.

W. B. Freeman is building a magnificent dwelling. It is to be finished in oak. He has built a large barn in which he can stable 52 horses in stalls.

Hull Kramer is building a large house on top of the mountain at the old Yeager homestead. He has the Pike in splendid condition from the county line to Traveller's Rest. The bridge will be completed soon.

Ed Barkley, a one armed man, killed a monster bear, which weighed 900 pounds. The hide, when stretched, was 25x36 feet, what they say. It was sold for \$25.

We now have three blacksmiths. C. E. Pritchard and family spent Sunday in Marlinton.

Miss Flora Moomau is teaching in H. M. Moore's family.

Miss Nannie Warwick is on a visit to Bath County.

We have one band of gypsies in town and more a coming.

T. P. Moyers shipped a car load of Potatoes to Cass Monday night.

Chris McLaughlin and Miss Rodgers spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Mary Geiger made a trip to Durbin last week.

Some booy hauled away the engine that has been here all summer.

And no answer being forthcoming they both gave it up.

WHY SHE HOOKS BEHIND.

This and Other Questions Are Asked by the Man Whose Wife Needs His Help.

"Why do they make these new-fangled, cobweb shirt waists that women wear button in the back?"

The people of Toy of Alleghany are to be complimented on the splendid churches. It is one of the best churches in the country: 35x55 feet and 20 feet in the clear. The pulpit is in the front of the building between the doors, which is a splendid idea. People can see who comes in or goes out without turning around and gawking.

"I suppose," continued the newly-married man, "you might just as well ask: 'Why is a cow?' You are just as likely to get a reasonable answer. There isn't anything logical in women's fashions. Now, a shirt waist button-downs the front is a sensible institution. So they're made to fasten in the back.

"I never would have noticed it if it wasn't for the fact that it is constantly thrust upon me in a practical manner. Every time we are to go out together anywhere, my wife asks me to hook her waist. It's no job for a man. I'd rather saw half a cord of wood any day.

"In the first place I never get the hooks into the corresponding eyes. After I think I've got 'em all fastened, I invariably find that there is one hook at the top or bottom for which there is no eye or one eye for which there is no hook. Then there is the neckband. It has three or four fasteners at least, and you must have deft fingers to make them connect.

"Now suppose our shirts were fastened down the back with hooks and eyes, what would be the situation? Why, we wouldn't stand it, not a minute.

"But a woman will accept any old garment, no matter how constructed, without a murmur, if it's the latest. In fact, she won't have anything else.

"Look at the way shirt waist sleeves are made now. The bulge used to be at the shoulder, sort of balloon excrescences, so that a woman of ordinary build required two seats in a car. Now the bulge is near the wrist and gets in the butter. I suppose the next move will be to have balloons at the elbows.

"What is it? Nobody knows why."

And no answer being forthcoming they both gave it up.

Card of Thanks.

I and my family wish to thank my many friends for their kindness during my long illness, especially cutting and husking my corn.

Very respectfully,

J. A. Young.

"After election a successful candidate loses his memory an' th' unsuccessful cand' date hasn't any for one."—Uncle Henry in Cincinnati Post.

R. M. Pritchard spent a few days in town.

William Gragg's horse ran off Monday evening near town, and his son was thrown out, sustaining a broken leg and ankle.

Mrs. Nannie J. Zinn, of Huntington, is visiting in town.

The Housewife's Mistake.

An angry woman walked into a grocer's shop in an Ayrshire village and barged a piece of yellow substance on the counter.

"This" she said, "is the soap that does the washin' o' itself; the soap that makes every washin' day a kin' o' glorified feast; the soap that gets a' the linen white as snow am as sweet as a hazelnut, and lets the delighted housewife play wi' the children; an' here I've been scrubbin' three mortal hours wi' that lump an' got nae mair lather out o' it than I could geoot a brick."

"I beg your pardon," said the grocer, calmly. "but that isn't soap. Your little boy was here yesterday for a half a pound of soap. That's the cheese."

"The cheese!" exclaimed the woman, "Then that accounts for heither thing?"

I lay awink the hale nicht winnenir what made the Welch rabbit we had fur' our supper taste sae queer."—Tidbit.

Boyer

The nights are cold and the days warm and nice weather now.

We had very bad day for the dedication last Sunday.

Mrs. Kime Spencer of near this place died last Saturday 22nd many friends are left to mourn her death.

D. S. Moore was visiting at Mr. Lantz's last Sunday.

C. H. Chapman is now in Rich mond attending school, he is studying to be a dentist.

Is in many respects similar to a Rail-way engine. Let an engine be run without oil or cleaning, and before long it will stop dead. Upon examination it will be